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POEMS,

BY

A LADY.

The Hon.ble Mrs. Hampden Pye.

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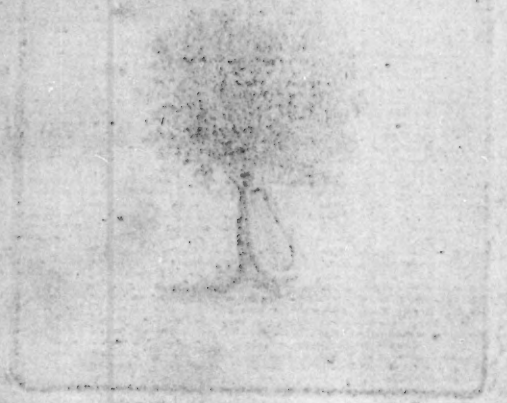

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EARL WALTER.

IF the following ſtanzas can boaſt the ſmalleſt degree of merit, it is that of having cleared from the ruſt of a barbarous age, a ſimple, pathetic, beautiful tale. Had our author been fortunate enough to have attracted the notice of a SHENSTONE or a JERNINGHAM, his ELLEN's fame would probably have rivalled that of EMMA; but, as the caſe ſtands, he owes little more to his *moderniſer* than the ſuppreſſing ſome indelicate circumſtances in

the ſtory, and ſomewhat refining the language; who perhaps, in ſo doing, may have robbed it of a part of its original beauty.

It has been alledged, by ſome judicious perſons who have read the Ballad, that Childe Waters's cruelty goes beyond nature; but I muſt ſay, in vindication of my Hero, that he has more reaſons to alledge in his defence, than HENRY in the Nut-brown Maid. In that Poem, a noble youth conceals his rank, and, in diſguiſe, gains the affections of Emma, a virgin of the higheſt condition. Without the leaſt fault on her ſide, or the leaſt reaſon on his, he ſuddenly takes it in his head to try her love, by pretending he has received ſentence of baniſhment for a murder; and, when they

they meet, he treats her with contempt and inſolence; to which ſhe not only ſubmits with a moſt extraordinary patience, but conſents to leave her father's houſe, and follow his fortunes; and, on his telling her, he has a miſtreſs in the woods, ſhe entreats his permiſſion to attend her as a ſervant; at once forgetting, not only her pride of birth, but pride of virtue. Struck with this mark of her truth and conſtancy, he reveals himſelf; and ſhe, without once reproaching him for his ungenerous doubts, conſents to marry him.

How very different the ſituation of Walter and Ellen! he had received from her that fatal proof of affection, which at once deſtroys love, and even eſteem, in the perſon on whom it is

conferred. No wonder, then, if he was deſirous of knowing, whether he owed his triumph to the frailty of his miſtreſs, or to her unbounded paſſion for *him*. Ellen herſelf ſeems to think her trial juſt, though ſevere. I have ventured to make an alteration in the cataſtrophe, in order to render the moral more obvious. Ellen certainly deſerved to ſuffer for her frailty, though perhaps not ſo ſeverely; but the Earl merited a much greater puniſhment, for purſuing the point too far, and too deeply wounding a gentle and a delicate mind. Nor was there any way of inflicting it ſo properly, as by depriving him of the object of his love, and that too at the very moment he becomes ſenſible of her value.

If the ſituation ſhould give offence to the over-ſcrupulous, I flatter myſelf the leſſon conveyed by it will be a ſufficient apology.

EARL WALTER:

A BALLAD.

I.

EARL Walter ſtroked his milk-white ſteed,
His heart with courage beat;
When lo! a damſel——matchleſs fair!
Fell proſtrate at his feet.

II.

Behold, ſhe cried, a ruined maid,
The victim of thy love,
And let thy Ellen's once praiſed form,
Thy tender pity move.

III.

The dreaded time draws on apace,
That muſt reveal my ſhame,
And can Earl Walter then conſent,
To murder Ellen's fame?

IV.

Ah! wretched infant, doomed to woe
Before thy natal hour,
Diſgrace muſt be thy portion here,
Wronged Ellen's only dower.

V.

The gallant youth was inly moved,
But coldly thus replied,
The cure that love perhaps diſclaims,
My juſtice ſhall provide.

VI.

From north to ſouth extended wide,
With fields and paſtures fair,
Thoſe plains to thee I freely give;
Beſtow them on thy heir.

VII.

By me, ſhe cried, more highly prized,
One kiſs of that dear mouth,
Than all thy rich and fertile plains,
Extending north and ſouth.

VIII.

One glance of thoſe deluding eyes
More rapture can beſtow,
Than ſhould our monarch quit his throne,
And that to me forego.

IX.

No more, fair Ellen, cries the Earl,
I can no longer ſtay;
For northward muſt I bend my courſe,
There lies my deſtin'd way.

X.

With thee, Earl Walter, let me go,
Thy handmaid will I be;
All perils I with joy can brave,
That much loved face to ſee.

XI.

Raſh Ellen! doſt thou know the terms,
On which alone thou goeſt?
To drop each ſoft alluring grace,
Thy ſex's pride and boaſt.

XII. Thoſe

XII.

Thoſe auburn locks to cut away,
To caſt thy woman's weed;
All day to follow as my page,
All night to tend my ſteed.

XIII.

Her auburn locks ſhe cut away,
She caſt her woman's weed,
All day ſhe followed as his page,
Each night ſhe fed his ſteed.

XIV.

At length a rapid ſtream they find;
Which when Earl Walter viewed,
Thou can'ſt not, Ellen, follow here—
He ſpoke, and paſſed the flood.

XV.

But love, than danger ſtronger far,
Her timid heart upbore;
She ruſh'd at once amid the waves,
And reached the farther ſhore.

XVI.

But ſtill the Earl his purpoſe kept,
No pity he conſeſt,
Tho' ſtrong fatigue and anxious care
The damſel ſore oppreſt.

XVII.

Thy languid eyelids, Ellen, raiſe,
And view yon princely bower;
There Pleaſure holds his revel reign,
And marks each paſſing hour.

XVIII.

There dwells a maid more fair than morn,
Than ſummer ſuns more bright;
That maiden is my plighted love,
My joy and ſole delight.

XIX.

Sad Ellen mildly anſwered thus;
May every bliſs betide,
And ſtill encreaſing rapture wait
Earl Walter and his bride!

XX.

The princely bower they enter ſoon,
And hail the glittering train;
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph,
Nor heeds his Ellen's pain.

XXI. His

XXI.

His ſiſter with ſuperior grace
Shone far above the reſt,
Who when ſhe Ellen's form ſurveyed,
Her wonder thus expreſt.

XXII.

Ah! whence, my brother, is thy page?
How heavenly fair his face!
What pity that his ſize uncouth
Such beauty ſhould diſgrace.

XXIII.

But let the boy on me attend,
In my apartment wait;
My care ſhall ſooth his gentle mind,
And mend his preſent ſtate.

XXIV. Too

XXIV.

Too great for him, that honor were,
A youth of low degree,
Enough diſtinguiſhed as my page,
On foot to follow me.

XXV.

Now midnight cloſing every eye,
Left Ellen free to weep,
But with the morn the Earl aroſe,
And broke the bands of ſleep.

XXVI.

Awake! awake! thou ſlothful page,
'Tis dawn of breaking day,
Bring forth in haſte my milk-white ſteed,
I muſt from hence away.

XXVII.

But ere her Lord could be obey'd,
Uncall'd Lucina came,
And to ſad Ellen's other woes,
She adds a mother's name.

XXVIII.

Now burſt their way the heart-felt groans
Now falls the trickling tear,
Till thro' the high reſounding dome,
They reach Earl Walter's ear.

XXIX.

With eager ſteps he ſought the place,
Then made a fearful pauſe,
While broken accents breathed in ſighs,
Reveal the fatal cauſe.

XXX.

Lie ſtill, thou pledge of hapleſs love,
Lie ſtill, my infant dear;
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother on a bier!

XXXI.

Enough had now the lover heard,
He claſps her in his arms,
Look up my miſtreſs, friend, and wife,
Revive thy drooping charms.

XXXII.

Thy trial now is fairly paſt,
Thou firſt of woman kind;
Thy form, tho' caſt in beauty's mould,
Enſhrines a hero's mind.

XXXIII.

And doſt thou know at length my heart?
Then have I well been tried;
I only lived to prove my faith:——
She graſped his hand, and died.

CHILDE WATERS.

I.

CHILDE Waters in his ſtable ſtoode,
And ſtroakt his milk-white ſteede,
To him a fayre yonge lady came,
As ever ware woman's weede.

II.

Sayes, Chriſt you ſave, good Childe Waters,
Sayes, Chriſt you ſave, and ſee;
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too ſhort for mee.

III.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feel ſturre at my ſide:
My gowne of greene it is too ſtraighte,
Before it was too wide.

IV.

If the childe be mine, fair Ellen, he ſaid,
Be mine as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
Take them your own to bee.

V.

If the childe be mine, fair Ellen, he ſaid,
Be mine as you doe ſweare;
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
And make that child your heyre.

VI.

Shee ſayes, I had rather have one kiſſe,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wold have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
That lye by north and ſouthe.

VII.

And I had rather have one twinklinge,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Than I wold have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

VIII.

To-morrow, Ellen, I muſt forth ride,
Farr into the north countree;
The fayreſt ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, muſt goe with mee.

IX.

Though I am not lady fayre,
Yet let me go with thee,
And ever I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Your foot-page let me bee.

X.

If you my foot-page will be, Ellèn,
As you do tell to mee:
Then you muſt cut your gown of greene,
An inch above your knee.

XI.

Soe muſt you do your yellow locks,
An inch above your ee:
You muſt tell no man what is my name,
My foot-page then you ſhall bee.

XII. Shee,

XII.

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his ſyde;
Yet was he never ſoe courteous a knighte,
To ſay, Ellen, will you ryde?

XIII.

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote throw the broome;
Yet was he never ſo courteous a knighte,
To ſay, put on your ſhoone.

XIV.

Ride ſoftlye, ſhee ſayd, O Childe Watèrs,
Why doe you ryde ſo faſt?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My bodye it will braſt.

XV. Hee

XV.

Hee ſayth, ſeeſt thou yond water, Ellèn,
That flows from bank to brimme?
I truſt in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will ſee me ſwimme.

XVI.

But when ſhe came to the water ſyde,
Shee ſayled to the chinne:
Now the Lord of Heaven be my ſpeede,
For I muſt learn to ſwymme.

XVII.

The ſalt waters bare up her clothes,
Our lady bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To ſee fayre Ellen ſwymme.

XVIII. And

XVIII.

And when ſhee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
Hee ſayd, come hither, thou fayre Ellen,
Loe yonder what I ſee.

XIX.

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of red gold ſhines the yate:
Of twenty-foure fayre ladyes there,
The fayreſt is my mate.

XX.

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of red gold ſhines the towre:
There are twenty-foure ladyes there;
The fayreſt is my paramoure.

XXI.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Watèrs,
Of red golde ſhines the yate;
God give you joy nowe of yourſelfe,
And of your worthy mate.

XXII.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Watèrs,
Of red gold ſhines the towre:
God give you good now of yourſelfe,
And of your paramoure.

XXIII.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the ball;
And Ellen, the fayreſt lady there,
Muſt bring his ſteed to the ſtall.

XXIV.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the cheſſe;
And Ellen, the fayreſt lady there,
Muſt bring his horſe to graſſe.

XXV.

And then beſpake Childe Waters ſiſter;
Theſe were the wordes ſayd ſhee;
You have the prettyeſt page, brother,
That ever I did ſee.

XXVI.

But that his bellye it is ſo bigge,
His girdle ſtands ſoe hye:
And ever I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Let him in my chamber lye.

XXVII.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through moſſe and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That weares ſo rich attyre.

XXVIII.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run through moſſe and myre,
To take his ſupper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fire.

XXIX.

Now when they had ſupped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He ſayd, come hither my little foot-page,
And hearken what I ſaye.

XXX.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete;
The fayreſt ladye that thou canſt finde,
Hyre in mine armes to ſleepe:
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For * filing of her feete.

XXXI.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete;
The fayreſt lady that ſhe colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to ſleepe:
And took her up in her armes twaine,
For filing of her feete.

* *i. e.* Defiling.

XXXII.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,
Let mee lye at your feete ;
For there is noe place about this houſe,
Where I may ſaye a ſleepe.

XXXIII.

He gave her leave, and fayre Ellèn
Down at his beds feete laye :
This done, the night drove on apace ;
And when it was neare the daye,

XXXIV.

Hee ſayd, riſe up my little foot-page,
Give my ſteede corne and haye ;
And give him now the goode black oats,
To carry mee better awaye.

XXXV.

Up then roſe the fayre Ellèn,
And gave his ſteede corne and haye;
And ſoe ſhee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

XXXVI.

She leaned her back to the manger ſide,
And grievouſlye did groane;
Shee leaned her back to the manger ſide,
And there ſhee made her moane.

XXXVII.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woefull woe;
Shee ſayd, Riſe up, thou Childe Watèrs,
And into thy ſtable goe:

XXXVIII.

For in thy ſtable is a ghoſte,
That grievouſlye doth grone;
Or elſe ſome woman laboures with childe,
Shee is ſo woe begone.

XXXIX.

Up then roſe Childe Waters ſoone,
And did on his ſhirte of ſilke;
And then he put on his othere clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

XL.

And when he came to the ſtable dore,
Full ſtill there hee did ſtand,
That hee might heare his fayre Ellèn,
How ſhe made her monànd.

XLI.

Shee ſayd, Lullabye, mine owne deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, deare;
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother layd on a biere.

XLII.

Peace now, hee ſayd, good fayre Ellèn,
Bee of goode cheere, I praye;
And the bridall, and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye.

On Mr. WALPOLE's HOUSE, at STRAWBERRY-HILL.

Written in the Year 1750.

WHEN ENVY ſaw yon Gothic ſtructure riſe,
She view'd the fabric with malignant eyes;
With grief ſhe gazes on the antique wall,
The pictur'd window, and the trophied hall:
Thro' well-rang'd chambers, next ſhe bends her way,
Gloomy, not dark, and chearful, tho' not gay.
Where to the whole, each part proportion bears,
And all around a pleaſing aſpect wears.
Towards learning's manſion then her footſteps tend,
Where columns riſe, and ſculptur'd arches bend.

Here

Here ſoothing Melancholy holds her ſeat,
And Contemplation ſeeks the lov'd retreat.
The garden next diſplays a magic ſcene
Of fragrant plants, and never-fading green.
Each various ſeaſon various gifts beſtows,
The woodbine, lilac, violet, and roſe.
Hence in clear proſpect to the gazer's eye,
Woods, hills, and ſtreams, in ſweet confuſion lie.
The ſilver Thames, as he purſues his way,
Here ſeems to loiter, and prolong his ſtay.
Theſe matchleſs charms her indignation move,
She weeps to find, ſhe cannot but approve.
Then ſorely ſighing from her canker'd breaſt,
Thus the curſt FIEND her impious woes expreſt.
" Am I, in vain, a foe to all thy race?
" 'Twas I that wrought thy patriot ſire's diſgrace;
" Vainly I ſtrove to blaſt his honor'd name,
" Brighter it ſhines, reſtor'd to endleſs fame.

" And muſt another WALPOLE break my reſt ?
" Still muſt thy praiſes my repoſe moleſt ?
" 'Tis thine by various talents ſtill to pleaſe,
" To plan with judgment, execute with eaſe :
" With equal ſkill, to build, converſe, or write,
" To charm the mind, and gratify the ſight.
" Ah, cou'd I but theſe battlements o'erthrow !
" And lay this monument of genius low. —
" But vain the wiſh ! for art and nature join,
" To add perfection to the fair deſign !
" It muſt proceed, for ſo the Fates decree ;
" But mark the ſentence that's pronounc'd by me.—
" Thouſands, that view it, ſhall the work deſpiſe,
" And thouſands more ſhall view it with my eyes.
" The applauſe which thou ſo gladly would'ſt receive,
" The Candid and the Wiſe alone can give.
" Taſte, tho' much talk'd of, is confin'd to few ;
" They beſt can prize it, who are moſt like you."

To

To the AUTHORESS of ſome Lines on STRAWBERRY-HILL.

MIſtaken Fair One! check thy fancy's flight;
Nor let fond Poetry miſguide thy ſight.
The ſweet creation by thy pencil drawn,
Nor real in the fabric, nor the lawn.
Leſs in the maſter is the picture true;
Enlarg'd the portrait, and improv'd the view.
A trifling, careleſs, ſhort-liv'd writer he,
Nor ENVY's topic can nor object be.
Nor paſte-board walls, nor mimic tow'rs, are fit
To exerciſe her tooth, or Delia's wit.

No, 'twas PARNASSUS did her fancy fill,
Which the kind maid miſtook for STRAWBERRY-
HILL:
Whilſt modeſty perſuaded her to place
Another on that mount, ſhe ought to grace.

HOR. WALPOLE.

PHI-

PHILANTHE,

A FRAGMENT:

Written in the Year 1758.

BEneath a willow, pendent o'er the flood,
That waved its ſilken ſtreamers in the breeze,
PHILANTHE, child of ſorrow! poured her woes;
ALCANDER's abſence ceaſeleſs ſhe bewailed:
To hear her voice, the chauntreſs of the wood
With-held her lays; and thus the maid began:—
" Let others ſing the ſweet approach of morn,
" Or jocund ſpring, that from her verdant lap
" Lily and roſe profuſely ſcatters round:
" To me more pleaſing is the reign of Night,

" When

" When dewy Veſper leads the glittering hoſt,
" And Cynthia glides along the clear expanſe ;
" To thee for ever I devote my ſong.
" Come then, O Night! and with thee, by the hand,
" Thy younger ſiſter, Melancholy, bring,
" In ſable veſtment clad ; from whoſe meek eye
" The lifted lawn oft drinks the falling tear.
" ALCANDER ! give me back my peace of mind,
" Which fled when firſt on yon delightful plain
" Thy heavenly form with wonder I beheld.
" Than Leda's twins more graceful was thy air,
" As on thy bounding courſer thou appeareďſt.
" The vivid roſe of Temperance and Youth
" Bloomed fair upon thy cheek, while from thy eye
" A mixture ſweet of tenderneſs and awe
" With force reſiſtleſs ſunk into my ſoul.
" Thy looks, thy words, the lips from which they
" fell,

" At

" At once conſpired to charm my yielding heart.
" How bleſt the moments that were ſpent with thee!
" Old Time himſelf ſeemed decked with Cupid's
" wings.
" Too ſoon we parted, and too ſoon I fear,
" Thy vows of love to me forgotten all,
" Another claims the heart that once was mine.
" With thee for ever fled the tranquil day,
" The careleſs night, by eaſy ſlumbers crowned;
" With all the hopes that wait the May of life;
" And in their ſtead, of two far different gueſts
" My ſoul's the ſeat—ALCANDER and Deſpair!
" Nor Time nor Reaſon bring their lenient aid;
" For Memory ſtill with ready pencil ſtands,
" In glowing colours tracing every charm.
" Then let me ſtill with Melancholy live,
" And haunt the hermit Contemplation's cell;
" Forſake the buſy ſcenes and joys of life,

Till

" Till life itſelf decays, and the freed ſoul
" Shall ſeek the bleſt abodes, where virtuous love,
" Secure from change, receives its bright reward.
" Then too ALCANDER, when he hears my fate,
" Amidſt the bleſſings of a happier choice,
" May breathe one ſigh, and with a precious tear
" Embalm PHILANTHE's grave."

Miſtaken Fair!
ALCANDER's faith was ſpotleſs as thy own:
Death in his icy fetters holds thy love;
Far from his country, and his weeping friends,
A foreign clime receives his ſilent urn.

On the REPORT of Dr. STERNE's DEATH, in the Year 1760.

STERNE! reſt for ever, and no longer fear
The critic's cenſure, and the coxcomb's ſneer.
The gate of Envy now is clos'd on thee,
And Fame her hundred doors ſhall open free:
Ages unborn ſhall celebrate the page,
Where ſocial join the Satyriſt and Sage.
O'er Yorick's tomb, the brighteſt eyes ſhall weep,
And BRITISH genius conſtant vigils keep:
Then ſighing ſay, to vindicate thy fame,
"Great were his faults, but glorious was his flame."

To

To Lady CLIVE,

With the Verſes in the following Pages.

* READ here, my noble friend, and ſee
What Truth and Candor think of thee:
Whilſt Hiſtory ſhall to future days
Tranſmit thy valiant Conſort's praiſe,
The Muſe, enamour'd of thy name,
Means to immortalize thy fame;
That both united may declare,
How well *the Brave deſerv'd the Fair.*

* Theſe Lines were added afterwards, on Lady CLIVE's deſiring a Copy.

A PIC-

A PICTURE
TAKEN FROM THE LIFE.

Written in the Year 1760.

NAture and Fortune one day meeting,
Each other hail'd with courteous greeting:
And Fortune firſt,—Where have you been,
Siſter! that you're ſo ſeldom ſeen?
What youth, or what romantic fair,
Is now the object of your care?
Nature reply'd, with accent grave,
A favourite charge, indeed, I have:
A maid, with every virtue graced,
Is in a calm retirement placed:

Her

Her heart with goodneſs is replete;
Her wit is keen, her temper ſweet;
Good-humour brightens every feature;
She is a moſt engaging creature.

Indeed! cries Fortune, with a ſneer,
You know not what you ſay, my dear:
You cannot think, in theſe our days,
Virtue a modern female's praiſe:
Send her to me, and I'll engage,
Three months ſhall fit her for the age.
The glare of dreſs, the charms of play,
Shall chaſe her ſober thoughts away:
Wealth and ambition ſhall combine
To make this Fair One wholly mine.

Says Nature, — You have my permiſſion,
But it muſt be on this condition:
If—as I truſt—ſhe ſhall refine,
And from temptation brighter ſhine,

To me henceforth you'll quit the field,
And Fortune ſhall to Nature yield.

Things thus agreed, the accompliſh'd maid
To diſtant regions is convey'd:
Drawn from her ſcene of private life,
The virgin ſoon became a wife.
Her Conſort's brow, with laurel crown'd,
In chains the vanquiſh'd Nabob bound:
Like Philip's ſon, in warlike ſtate,
Thrice conquer'd India owns him Great.
Returning home, what triumphs riſe!
Enough to dazzle female eyes:
His riches Poland's crown would buy;
His glories with his riches vie:
Yet ſtill unchang'd, her conſtant mind
Is to no one extreme inclin'd.

Fortune, enrag'd, to Nature hies,—
I thought your paragon was wife:

Sure ſuch a Mother, ſuch a Wife,
Was never ſeen in courtly life.
When I beſtow'd a ſon and heir,
I never dream'd 'twould be her care,
That he not only ſhould inherit,
His father's fortune, but his merit:
She'd rather wipe the widow's tears,
Than wear a province at her ears.
Nature reply'd — The conteſt end:
Be Fortune once true Virtue's friend;
And let it be our mutual care
To bleſs through life this matchleſs pair:
From us they ſhall their joys derive;
Nature and Fortune join for CLIVE.

ODE.

To Major ——.

Written in the Year 1764.

I.

TO gain, and to preſerve, eſteem,
Renounce Ambition's idle dream;
An humbler lot be thine:
For ſeldom is it given by Fate,
To be at once both Good and Great,
Or Power with Virtue join.

II.

What though thy cultivated mind,
To Arts and Arms alike inclin'd;
Alike in both excels:
Though in thy noble, generous breaſt,
Fair Virtue, as a conſtant gueſt,
With Honour ever dwells?

III.

What though, to grace thy youthful brow,
The victor laurel loved to grow,
In hard-fought fields well earn'd;
Has any Miniſter of State
Call'd on my * * * * * to be great,
Though valiant, wiſe, and learn'd?

IV.

When maddening broils diſtract the land,
And, ſcorning GEORGE's mild command,
Bold Faction rears her head;
Say, who would wiſh, in times like theſe,
To quit their privacy and eaſe,
The ſlippery path to tread?

V.

If Happineſs on earth be found,
She ſhuns the Court's enchanted ground,
And ſeeks the rural grove:
There, far from Folly, Vice, and Pride,
With gay HYGEIA by her ſide,
She oft is ſeen to rove.

VI.

HYGEIA ſhould'ſt thou chance to meet,
As at the dawn, with early feet,
The roſe-lip'd Goddeſs ſtrays;
Thou, who canſt never plead in vain,
To her addreſs thy moving ſtrain,
To her devote thy lays.

VII.

Ah! bid her all her healing art
For lovely * HEBE's aid impart,
And every charm reſtore;
That Wit and Beauty once again,
In HEBE may aſſert their reign,
And all mankind adore.

* A Friend of the Author's, ſince dead.

VIII. From

VIII.

From cares that anxious Greatneſs knows,
From Want, that foe to ſoft repoſe,
Be thou alike removed:
Ah! calmly chearful paſs the day,
Unmindful what the world may ſay,
If by thyſelf approved.

IX.

Has Nature then, profuſely kind,
With all her gifts enrich'd thy mind,
And doſt thou ſigh for more?
More bleſt art thou in worth and ſenſe,
Than aught that Fortune can diſpenſe,
From all her glittering ſtore.

X.

To thee has Fate indulged a friend,
Who loves thee for no private end,
But for thyſelf alone;
Then freely waſte the ſocial hour,
For Love and Friendſhip ſure have power,
To make each bliſs thy own.

A SONG.

A SONG.

I.

LIFE has no real bliſs in ſtore;
Poſſeſſing much, we wiſh for more:
With health, with friends, with fortune, bleſt,
Why ſighs my anxious ſoul for reſt?

II.

When flatterers court my liſtening ear,
Though pleaſed I ſtudy to appear;
They only my repoſe moleſt,
And make me ſeek the more for reſt.

III. But

III.

But why, whenever DAMON's near,
This anxious hope, this pleaſing fear?
'Tis only Friendſhip fills my breaſt;
And Friendſhip ne'er was foe to reſt.

IV.

To that his wiſhes ſeem'd to tend;
He only aſk'd the name of Friend:
But though, by looks, his love I gueſt,
Could looks alone have hurt my reſt?

V.

He ne'er has ſought a ſtudied ſtrain;
In broken words he ſpoke his pain:
Alas! ſo much thoſe words expreſt,
I fear 'tis they have ſtolen my reſt.

VI.

But if, ſuperior to diſguiſe,
His ſoul is pictur'd in his eyes,
Of DAMON's love when quite poſſeſt,
I ſoon ſhall find my wonted reſt.

A LIN-

À LINDOR.

AUteur de tous nos maux, indomptable amour!
De ton empire cruelle je ſuis quitte pour toujours.
Tu n'inſulteras plus mon cœur aſſujetti,
Lindor & l'amitié feront tous mes plaiſirs.
Lindor, dont les talens, dont l'heureux caractere,
De Minerve en naiſſant reçut le don de plaire.
Ce ſourire enchanteur, ces yeux vifs, ces appas,
Ces cheveux, qu'Appollon ne deſavoueroit pas,
Pour toi, *cher Lindor*, ſont d'inutiles armes,
La vertu, la ſageſſe t'ont pretèe tous leur charmes.
Douce & tendre amitié, c'eſt toi ſeule que j'adore,
Par toi je ſuis heureuſe— tu m'as donnée *Lindor*.

TRANS-

TRANSLATED,

By H. J. P. Eſq;

AUthor of all our ills, reſiſtleſs Love!
Far from thy ſway, for ever will I rove.
Thou ſhalt no more inſult my conquer'd heart;
LINDOR and Friendſhip all my joys impart.
LINDOR, whoſe talents in the natal hour,
MINERVA crown'd with ev'ry pleaſing power.
That ſmile enchanting, thoſe expreſſive eyes,
Where manly ſenſe, with winning ſoftneſs vies:
Thoſe blooming features of his youthful face,
That hair which might APOLLO's ſhoulders grace,
To thee, my dear LINDOR, are uſeleſs arms,
When Virtue and when Wiſdom lend their charms.
Sweet Friendſhip, let me ſtill your vot'ry live,
You bleſs'd me when you deign'd LINDOR to give.

To

To the AUTHOR of BEAUTY: A Poetical Eſſay.

Written in the Year 1767.

WHILST other youths in this licentious age,
In every trifling, low purſuit engage;
Whilſt Wine and Riot form their darling joy,
And Beauty's only noticed to deſtroy,
Dar'ſt thou to trace her to her firſt great cauſe,
And ſing of Nature, and of Virtue's laws?
O! ne'er may Faſhion taint thy gen'rous mind,
To each exalted thought ſo well inclin'd!

With

With fix'd averſion turn from ſpecious wrong,
And make thy life an emblem of thy ſong.
Go on, proceed, the glorious plan purſue,
Whilſt Fame, immortal, opens to thy view.
Long as thy SHENSTONE's ſhall thy numbers live,
And Envy's ſelf unwilling praiſes give:
And may the Maid thy heart ſhall moſt approve,
With equal fondneſs meet thy virtuous love!
May'ſt thou in her thy favorite beauties trace,
Her ſoul all goodneſs, and her form all grace!

To

* To David Garrick, Esq;

AS charmed with Garrick's kind permission,
In haste I flew to gain admission;
And join the gaily frolic band,
Where mirth and taste dance hand in hand;
A phan-

* Immediately after the King of Denmark's masked ball, Mr. Garrick, with that taste and elegance he is so justly admired for, introduced a Masquerade Scene, in Queen Mab; which, from the beauty of the illumination, and the richness and variety of dresses, seemed rather a second entertainment vying with the first, than a theatrical representation. A party of gentlemen and ladies, (among whom was the Author,) that had

A phantom met me on my way,
And ſternly urged a moment's ſtay:
A formal, antiquated dame,
And WORLDLY PRUDENCE was her name.
She thus addreſſed me———Stop, and hear;
My counſel's uſeful, tho' ſevere.
Indulgence I to none allow,
To me all womankind muſt bow.
She ſaid———and waved her magic wand.——
Obedient to her high command,
Before my eyes a viſion roſe
A motley ſcene of belles and beaux.

had been at great Expence for dreſſes at the Denmark Ball, ſent to Mr. GARRICK for leave to join his Maſks, which, on account of the ſtrict prohibition of appearing behind the Scenes, he denied to the gentlemen, but with the greateſt politeneſs: The ladies were left to their choice; but the ſcheme, when ſeriouſly weighed, being thought too hazardous, it was dropt; which gave occaſion to the above Copy of Verſes.

In decent rows the tables placed,
The rooms full twenty parties graced:
Spadille and Pam divide their care,
But all for winning form their prayer.
A ſhort ceſſation being made,
They chat awhile o'er lemonade.

When thus Miſs TRUMP—D'ye know, 'tis ſaid,
P~~ye~~ is in GARRICK's maſquerade?
Impoſſible!———D'ye think that ſhe
Would tread the ſtage at thirty-three?
Softly, replies a *friend* of mine,
Tho' I to ſcandal won't incline,
I know her to be ſomewhat more,
Nay, *entre nous* ſhe is forty-four.

A wrinkled maid, who had not ſpoke,
In accents ſhrill, now ſilence broke.
I never thought it could be right,
In plays to take ſuch vaſt delight;

That

That ſhe to GARRICK well is known,
With joy and pride, I have heard her own.
Then how ſhe raves of LEAR and RICHARD!
Now laughs with CLIVE, now weeps for PRITCHARD.
Beſides, with authors ſhe is connected,
And is of ſcribbling much ſuſpected.——
It cannot be, ſhe is half a fool,
Nor knows at cards one common rule.
I have ſeen her trump her partner's king,
The ſtupid, ſenſeleſs, vulgar thing!
A beau ſpoke next, the ladies minion,
And thus liſped forth his wiſe opinion.
This maſking is a *coup d'eſſai*,
And only done to pave the way;
No doubt but in another year,
She means in JULIET to appear.
With laughter now the roofs reſound,
Even ſcandal in the noiſe is drowned.

Invective having ceaſed at laſt,
My ſentence finally is paſt;
That henceforth I excluded ſtand,
From every rout throughout the land,
And be without the leaſt compaſſion
Blackballed in every houſe of faſhion.
Indignant to the HAG I turn,
I feel with rage my boſom burn.
Muſt I my favorite ſcheme forſake,
Leſt fops and fools offence ſhould take,
And Dowagers their tongues employ,
Condemning what they can't enjoy?
The candid few———ſhe quick replied,
They may, perhaps, be on your ſide;
But, ah! what will the few avail,
If ſcandal magnify the tale?
Your ſex in narrow circle placed,
If once they paſs it are diſgraced.

Then

Then lay the pleaſing ſcheme aſide,
And take DAME PRUDENCE for your guide.
Sighing, I threw my wreath away,
And homeward bent my penſive way.

Park-Street, Groſvenor-Square,
Dec. 23, 1769.

To H. J. P. Eſq;

Written in the Year 1768.

And ſent with ſome Subſcriptions of a Work, then near Publication.

WHERE art thou, FLORIO, where thy unſtrung lyre,
Thy pointed ſatire, thy poetic fire?
Where the ſoft numbers PETRARCH's ſelf might own,
Which bade thy fame to future times be known.
Wilt thou, for ever to thyſelf unjuſt,
Permit thy bays to wither in the duſt;

Waſting

Waſting thy precious hours in county halls,
Election dinners, and militia balls?
Far other minds purſuits like theſe require,
The ale-fed parſon, and th' unletter'd ſquire.
But thou, with every finer feeling bleſt,
Say, wilt thou deign to ſmile on worth diſtreſt?
HENRY and FRANCES! Wonders of their kind,
He wiſe and good, ſhe gentle and refin'd.
For love and wit their kindred ſouls were form'd,
One muſe inſpired them, and one paſſion warm'd.
Born in an age when ſcience droops her head,
And modeſt merit pines in want of bread.
Who ſhall they ſeek to patronize their lays.
But FLORIO who?——for fame attends his praiſe.
Exert thoſe talents you ſo well unite,
Judge like MÆCENAS, who like HORACE write.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken at the Theatre Royal at NORWICH,

After the Tragedy of ROMEO and JULIET,

By an OFFICER, who performed the Part of ROMEO;

Captain Pye, son of Mr. H. Pye. X

FEBRUARY the 8th, 1770.

A Thouſand JULIETS riſing to my view,
To the bright circle all my thanks are due:
Your gentle care has ſoothed my anxious fears,
And ſigned my plaudit with your flowing tears.
Fired with the hopes of meriting your praiſe,
I left the laurel, to obtain the bays

That

X Juliet was performed by Mrs Mc. Morland, who afterwards performed it at Drury-Lane, under the name of Mrs Morland; she was wife to an excellent miniature-painter; her maiden-name was [Sarah] Westray.

That taſk performed, myſelf I reaſſume,
No longer ROMEO now, but once more * PLUME.

TO THE MEN.

And you, whoſe † uſeful arts are ENGLAND's boaſt;
Whoſe proſperous veſſels croud each foreign coaſt,
A ſtranger claims protection at your hands,
And, as a ſoldier, makes his juſt demands.
Alike we labor in our Country's cauſe,
You give her wealth, and we protect her laws.
On theſe united BRITAIN's Weal depends,
Arts, arms, and commerce ſhould be ever friends.

TO THE OFFICERS.

My gallant brethren of the fighting trade,
To you with fear my laſt appeal is made.

* Alluding to his being, at that time, a recruiting officer.
† The Norwich manufactory.

I have

I have deſerted for a time, 'tis true,
My ſentence therefore muſt depend on you.
Soften the rigor of our martial laws;
Forgive the crime in favor of the cauſe.
Should fierce BELLONA ſound her ſtern alarms,
And loudly call the hardy youth to arms,
Like you, with joy a real ſword I'd wield,
And ruſh undaunted to th' embattled field.
But, in theſe peaceful times, our only care,
Our only glory, is to pleaſe the Fair;
For this, in crouds, we fill the gay parade,
Wear the bright gorget, and the ſmart cockade;
To pleaſe the Fair, I ROMEO's woes rehearſe,
And woo them from immortal SHAKESPEARE'S verſe.
O would their ſmiles my weak endeavors crown!
The ſmiles of beauty can confer renown.
Then make your proudeſt boaſt, ye truly brave,
To be, like me, their champion—and their ſlave.

To LOVE.

1771.

I.

CApricious Power! to whom all nature yields,
Thou ſource of poignant grief, and heart-felt joy;
Why, to compel mankind thy ſway to own,
Doſt thou no arms but Beauty e'er employ?

II.

In vain may Virtue grace the female mind,
Exalt, refine, and humanize the heart;
In vain the Muſe her garland may beſtow,
And to her favorite all her ſtores impart.

III. In

III.

In vain thy handmaid, Neatneſs, may attend,
And ſprightly Wit each ſocial charm ſupply;
Vain all that Nature, all that Art can give,
Without the roſeate bloom and ſparkling eye.

IV.

Unhappy they, who, formed to feel thy power,
(To feel, alas! what they can ne'er inſpire,)
Shall meet the cold return of forced Eſteem,
In change for generous Love's impaſſioned fire.

V.

Let thoſe to whom thy favors are denied,
And on whoſe birth thy beauteous mother frowned,
To calm Indifference pay more proſperous vows;
With her, Content and careleſs Eaſe are found.

VI. Thou

VI.

Thou ſober nymph! by tuneful *Greville ſung,
To hers I join my far leſs ſkilful voice;
For wiſe are they, who, ſhunning wayward Love,
To dwell with thee have made their prudent choice.

* See Mrs. Greville's Ode to Indifference.

JUPI-

JUPITER'S DECREE*
AGAINST MR. GARRICK.

'TWAS at a banquet of the Gods,
(How long ago, it makes no odds,)
While flowing nectar crowned the feaſt,
That NATURE thus the Gods addreſt: ——
Ye Deities, who Good beſtow,
And rule the lives of all below;
Say, what the gifts you will impart,
To grace the darling of my heart?

* The Author is proud to acknowledge, that ſhe took her hint from a beautiful little Poem of Mr. GARRICK's, addreſſed to Lord Cheſterfield, called, The Petition of the Fools to Jupiter.

Not more beloved by me, the ſwain,
Who piped on Stratford's fertile plain;
Nor greater was *his* ſkill to find
The deep receſſes of the mind.

Firſt PHOEBUS ſpoke:—The care be mine,
To recommend him to the Nine;
And all mankind the ſtrains muſt love,
Which they inſpire, and I approve.

Next FORTUNE:—Tho' by men deemed blind,
For once to Merit I'll be kind:
On all he does, ſhall wait ſucceſs,
And boundleſs wealth conſpire to bleſs.

Laſt roſe, with love-inſpiring mien,
And winning grace, the CYPRIAN QUEEN:
From me, ſhe cries, his bliſs muſt flow,
'Tis I alone true bliſs beſtow:

From

From me, a ſoft endearing wife
Shall crown with laſting joys his life,
Well worthy her diſtinguiſhed fate,
As good and fair as he is great.
The Graces ſhall the work complete,
And Elegance with Virtue meet.

Now thundering Jove's imperial nod
Bade awed Olympus own the God;
And thus he ſpoke: —— "To my decree
"Let Earth and Heaven obedient be.
"Why thus, with gifts celeſtial graced,
"Should one o'er all the reſt be placed?
"Not thus I rule the nether ball,
"Where equal is the lot of all.
"Unrivalled, he ſhall ſtill remain;
"But not without his ſhare of pain: —

"Envy

" Envy her engines ſhall employ,
" To ſtain the fame ſhe can't deſtroy.
" Shall call to aid her, all her tools,
" Half-witted coxcombs, knaves, and fools.
" 'Gainſt *her* his breaſt he cannot ſteel,
" He ſtill is *Man*, and *Man* muſt feel!"

* VERSES written by Dr. CAMPBELL, Author of the Biographia Britannica, &c.

23 JY 68

DULL pedant brutes, the ſpawn of cloiſter'd ſchools,
Hold Women but another name for fools:
Read, blockheads, read!—and from each ſparkling line,
Where parts, and wit, and ſenſe, and ſcience ſhine,
Be taught this new, this pleaſing truth, to know,
Women are Seraphs, that converſe below;
Enlightened forms kind Providence has given,
To chear Man's ſorrows with the glimpſe of heaven.
Bow down, converted ſlaves—blaſpheme no more;
Confeſs your crimes—do penance—and adore.

* It is hoped, a Compliment, from ſo able a pen, will be a ſufficient apology for Female Vanity, in the inſertion of theſe lines.

FINIS.